

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

TOY IS UNCLE SAM'S.

ILLINOIS CANNOT SELL THE BRICK BATTLESHIP.

Now Orleans Suburb Burned, at a Loss of Half a Million—Blaze Was Incendiary—Strange Waif in an Ohio Town—More's Money.

Echoe of the Fairies.
The Navy Department is very much concerned at the action of the Illinois authorities in selling the brick ship Illinois and keeping the proceeds in the State treasury. It has been the uniform rule heretofore, to regard all property obtained by a State from the Government for the use of the State naval militia as a loan in trust, the property to be returned to the national Government when it is no longer used by the militia. While the conditions under which the State of Illinois became possessed of the brick ship differed in some degree from those under which ships and equipment are issued to States generally, the naval authorities are disposed to believe that in this case there was no legal right in the State of Illinois to sell the brick ship and its fine equipment, and therefore it is taking steps to ascertain the rights of the nation in the matter.

HARDLY A HOUSE LEFT.

Thousands of Poor New Orleans People Homeless.

Flames swept over the portion of New Orleans, La., known as Algiers late Saturday night, destroying nine blocks and making 1,000 persons homeless. Property valued at \$450,000 was wiped out by the blaze, and the suburb is now a mass of black and smoking ruins. A man, who it is said, started the fire, narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of the citizens. Thousands left New Orleans Sunday to gaze on the ruins, and in the evening another feature was added to the terrible picture stretched before the eyes of the spectators. While the latter were standing on the wharf waiting for the ferry, the structure gave way and sixty persons were thrown into the river. Fortunately all were rescued, but many had their limbs broken or received severe internal injuries. Paul Bouffin, who lived in a shanty in Algiers, it was in his place that the fire started, and it is he who is suspected of applying the torch to his oil saturated dwelling. Six times before had the alarm been sent in because of fires in his shanty. Bouffin had his place insured, and it is supposed he was successful in burning it down. It is known he bought six gallons of coal oil Friday, and those who reached the fire first declared they smelt burning oil.

MORA GETS HIS MONEY AT LAST.

Cuban Claimant Receives \$594,500.76 of \$5,000,000.

After more than a score of years of waiting Antonio Maxime Mora received through representatives payment for the confiscation of his Cuban estate. The payment was made directly to Dr. Rodriguez and Grenmond Kennedy at Washington, attorneys for Mr. Mora, in the form of a check, signed by Secretary Olney, drawn on the assistant treasurer at New York. The amount of the check was \$594,500.76, which represents Mr. Mora's interest in the indemnity secured from Spain, minus his assignment of 40 per cent. to Dr. Rodriguez and Nathaniel Paige, his principal representatives, and minor assignments made to other persons.

Preferred Jail to Freedom.

A boy about 12 years of age, fair complexion, light gray eyes, rather finely featured, light hair, and weighing about seventy-five pounds, was picked up on the street at Washington, Ohio, a few days ago by Sheriff Thomas South. He says to his home was he said, "Everywhere," and as to his father's vocation responded, "Oh, he's a thief." He will not tell where he came from and is perfectly contented in the county jail. Indeed, he seems to have a peculiar liking for the place, and no amount of persuasion on the part of the Sheriff can induce him to leave the jail, even to do chores, for fear he will not get back again.

Crippled Woman Ends Her Life.

Dr. Albie J. Seymour, a distinguished woman physician, and an artist of repute, deliberately took her own life at Buffalo, N. Y., by throwing herself in front of a fast train. She had been compelled to use crutches since last spring, when she suffered an accident to the nerves of her hip while attending the Post Graduate Medical College at Chicago. This affliction had preyed upon her mind until she succumbed to melancholia.

Four Miners Perish.

Fire broke out Friday night in the main hoisting slope of the Oregon Improvement Company's mine at Franklin, Wash., causing the death of John Adams, John H. Glover, S. T. Smalley and James Stafford. August Johnson dropped his lamp, setting fire to a feeder of gas. He noticed the pit foreman and the four men went down to close a door to prevent the fire from spreading. They were overcome.

Editor Elliott Not Pardoned.

W. J. Elliott will not be pardoned at present. The Ohio State Board of Pardons adjourned after referring the case to L. A. Koenig, a member of the board, who will prepare a report and submit it at the meeting of the board on Jan. 15 next.

Graduated Tax on Incomes.

The South Carolina constitutional convention an amendment was adopted to the article on taxation, providing for the imposition of a graduated tax on incomes.

American Actors in Trouble.

W. H. Sherwood, who is said to be an American doctor of divinity, and J. A. Wilson, who is described as an American lawyer, both actors in the "Old Kentucky" company, were remanded at Blackburn, England, on a charge of having stabbed a laborer in a brawl.

A Long Sentence.

Morris Schoenholz, the convicted New York firebug, was sentenced to forty-eight years in State's prison. Schoenholz broke down and was led from the court weeping.

Mormons Seeking More Men.

Thirty Mormons arrived at Philadelphia from Utah en route to Europe on a proselyting tour. One of their leaders said they were going over to get men and not women. He said the Mormons had too many women now in Utah, as polygamy is dying out.

Would Not Help Get Meats.

Dr. Nannie A. Stevens, a Kansas City, Mo., physician, brought suit for divorce from Ralph Stevens, charging, among other things, that he "had around and would not help her get the meals." Complainant was prominent in the women's education.

AGGRESSIVE FOREIGN POLICY.

President Cleveland's Message to Make the Suggestion.

A Washington dispatch says: President Cleveland's annual message to Congress, the preparation of which will soon engage his attention, will be a most noteworthy state paper. It will be more sensational and perhaps of far greater importance than the famous tariff message of 1887, which many observers think changed the history of parties in this country. The principal feature of the forthcoming message will be the discussion of the foreign relations. It is well known that the President is going to suggest that Great Britain, in settling this country's vexed question in favor of arbitration in Venezuela, and he wants this reply before the meeting of Congress if he can get it. More important even than these immediate questions, considering the future of the United States, is the policy of over-sea enterprise which the President is expected to foreshadow in his message. If the expectations of certain of Mr. Cleveland's confidential friends are realized, he will say to Congress and the country that the time has come for a new American policy, a policy of aggressiveness, both political and commercial, beyond this country's own coast lines.

BENDS BEFORE THE STORM.

Spanish General Issues a Proclamation of Mercy.

Gen. Campos has issued a proclamation to the Spanish army in Cuba forbidding the summary execution or ill-treatment of prisoners. The placing of Cuban women and children and prisoners in front of the "Squadron of Death," Spain's heartless convict company, as well as the atrocities of other Spanish leaders, who look upon Cubans as snakes and not as human beings, have excited the disgust of the world.

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instructed Campos to issue the proclamation in order to appease an International wrath that might develop into the recognition of Cubans as belligerents.

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When Duhraven finally concluded to go home he seems to have suddenly got in a great hurry. He went in an American yacht.

Why, bless my heyes! Beaten' at cricket, too, by those blooming Hamericans? Why, this is simply beastly, douchknewin'!—J. Bull.

W. K. Vanderbilt will "give away" his daughter Consuelo at her approaching wedding, but the Duke commanded a bonus of \$10,000,000.

England has heard that there is pretty good shooting in China and has sent nine men-of-war on a hunting expedition up the Yangtsekiang. Look out for a full game bag.

The way to bring the sultan to an understanding of the moral duty of keeping promises is to surround him with enough European troops to prevent him from breaking them.

Latest advices from Cuba state that the Spanish troops are fighting desperately to get possession of a pass held by a small band of insurgents. Perhaps it is a steamship pass to Spain.

The announcement that some college foot-ball players have been retired because they were not up in their studies seems truly incomprehensible. There is nothing to indicate that the young men did not stand very high in their foot-ball practice.

Old people never pretend to stay in bed all night. They get up fully a half-dozen times and go wandering around with lights in their hands, looking for the origin of noises, to see what time it is and on a half-dozen other pretenses. If you feel like wandering around the house at night with your night clothes flapping around your knees, it is an indication you are not as young as you used to be.

The new press, which makes a cylindrical bale of cotton, puts 35 pounds into the cubic foot, while 22 pounds to the foot is all that is required of the compresses hitherto employed. So the new process effects a great saving in room on board of car or vessel. In addition to that it saves the expense of shipping 24 pounds of dead weight in bagging and ties from India and Egypt to this country and then back to Liverpool. Also it is said that the process of packing so distributes the cotton that a fair sample always can be obtained from either end of the bale. These are important advantages in favor of its wide adoption.

The death of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen in the prime of his powers must awaken regret among all who are truly interested in the development of American literature. A native of Norway, Prof. Boyesen had done the greater part of his work and won his fame in this country, and his successes are a matter of pride to both countries alike. A man of broad sympathies and keen insight, he fitted in an unusual degree the faculties of critic and creator, essayist and romancer. It was a sign of the symmetry of his development that he was a student of books as well as of men, and that in both occupations he found occasion to furnish the world with thoughtful and suggestive matter. His loss will be felt abroad no less than at home, for there he had countless friends and a remarkably wide acquaintance with the great group of modern writers, one of the foremost among whom is that other great Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. It was partly from his associations, perhaps, that he imbued the taste which marks his valuable and interesting work. He will be regretted and remembered as one of the few strong forces working in a distinctly commercial age toward the culture of his fellow-men.

The people of the rest of the United States owe Gov. Culberson and the Texas State Legislature a vote of thanks for the salutary object lesson in the matter of dealing with prize-fights and prize-fighters. It is, of course, not an entirely reasonable proposition that a call for a special session should have been necessary to prevent so openly lawless a performance. The task of prohibiting Corbett and Fitzsimmons from punching each other would seem to be properly one covered by the ordinary police laws and ordinances. It became evident to Gov. Culberson, however, some days ago, that without a specific statute against slugging the State of Texas must expect to harbor the projected fight. He took action promptly, convened the Legislature in special session and presented the case to that body. Contrary to expectation, the Legislature passed the bill making prize-fighting a felony, with an emergency clause, the vote being overwhelming and the entire transaction being completed in less than two days. Good for Texas! She has put herself on record as among the States which are law-abiding and determined to preserve their reputations as such. The fact that out of the entire 143 votes cast in both houses only six were opposed to the prize-fight law speaks volumes for the good name of the Texas Legislature. There was no delay, no quibbling, and no suggestion of a desire to hush up and wait for "propositions" from the prize-fighting fraternity. The whole affair is a signal victory for law and order, not only in Texas, but elsewhere. It sets an example which other States cannot afford to break without running the risk of damning comparisons. The public now looks to Gov. Culberson to see that this statute is enforced to the letter.

It is significant of the peaceful policy of the United States that the transfer of the command of the nation's army from one man to another should have excited somewhat less comment and interest than would have followed a change in one of the minor cabinet offices. A similar change in the armies of Great Britain, Germany, France or

Russia would have excited talk and gossip for several weeks. In time of war Gen. Miles, who secured the high office, would arise to the most prominent position in American affairs, but it is the improbability of serious warfare that makes his ascension so little regarded. There are two points of interest in the present transfer. First, it breaks a precedent of some years by giving the command of the army to a man not of West Point training. It has been a number of years since any but a West Point man held the important commission, and for a time there was reason to believe that Gen. Miles might be passed over on account of his having come up from the ranks in actual service instead of through the nation's military academy. Experience has shown pretty well that West Point training may be relied on to bring out the best points in an officer, but it would obviously be idle to make such a training an iron-clad condition. What the nation wants is the best men, regardless of the means by which they were trained. Another important point in the present transfer is that of the Lieutenant general held by Gen. Schofield ceases to exist on the army records. The title, as is well known, was created by Congress as a special distinction for men of high military genius and has been worn successively by Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield. Unless he shall do something leading Congress to re-create the title for him, Gen. Miles will be simply major general, although holding just the same measure of authority as his predecessor.

JAPAN HAS NO ANIMALS.

Domestic Pets Are Unknown in the Land of the Mikado.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drinks milk nor eats meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The freight carts in city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting, except by foreigners.

There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet—and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats, or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of enormous size. One of these Mr. Finck saw, stung in a museum, he describes as "big as an ox." Beside another stuffed museum bear is preserved in alcohol the mangled body of a child the bear had eaten before being killed.—New York Recorder.

A Bill for Royalty.

Taxpayers in this country frequently complain, and justly, of the expenditure of public money for the use of legislators and officials in ways not directly connected with the public business, as, for instance, when official expenditures are made during which champagnes and other unnecessary articles are purchased for the "travelers" consumption. But if we think we have special reason to complain of "junketing" in this country, we should contemplate some of the public expenditures for the entertainment of the crowned junctures of the old world.

Not long since the new ship canal to Manchester, England, was opened. The Queen was invited, though the canal could have been opened exactly as well without her. After the opening, the report of the citizens' auditor of Manchester was published showing the expenses of the opening; and by some mischance all the items for the entertainment of the royal party were given in the report.

The whole cost of the Queen's visit, which, by the way, lasted only a few hours, reached the highly respectable sum of six thousand and fifty-one pounds sterling, or about thirty thousand dollars. Among the numerous items were such expenditures as the following:

Four fancy boxes of bonbons, fondants, chocolates, etc., for the royal children, \$1.13s.

For asparagus, at 4s. 6d. per bunch, £6 15s.; twenty-two pints of peas, at 2s. 6d. per pint; eight pineapples, at 12s. 6d. each; six melons, at 10s. 6d. each; twenty-six pounds of grapes, at 6s. 6d. per pound; twenty-four pounds of strawberries, at 6s. 6d. per pound; total vegetables and fruit, £28 12s. 9d.

Three live turtles cost £17 14s. 6d.; and cigars and cigarettes—none of which, it is safe to assume, were smoked by the Queen—£14 10s. The stabling and keep of the Queen's horses cost the city of Manchester £22 16s.; and the board and lodging for sixteen members of the royal household staff, £71 15s. 8d.

There were many other extraordinary items on account of this expensive guest.

Not an Imbecile.

Before his death Montredon went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him: "You probably in old times uttered many pleasantries against religion?" "No," said he coolly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my lifetime of many vices; I have never been accused of being an imbecile." Montredon was an inveterate gambler; one day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew at Tallyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window?" "I have always advised you," said Tallyrand, very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."

An Imperial Train.

The German emperor's imperial train cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

"Johnny is learning to be a stationary engineer." "Is he learning fast?" "I should say so; when he quit work last night his face was grimy as a stovepipe and he had machine oil all over his clothes!"—Chicago Record.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Two Pairs of Eyes—As She Viewed It—As Usual—Not Forgotten—The Baker's Joke, Etc., Etc.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

He (delighted with a new play)—"Isn't it grand?"

She—"Perfectly lovely! It must have been made by Worth."

AS SHE VIEWED IT.

Doctor—I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air and dress in cool gowns.

Husband (an hour later)—What did the doctor say?

Wife—He said I ought to go to a watering place and afterward to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once.

AS USUAL.

"Did you marry your ideal?" asked a new acquaintance of a bright matron.

"Merry, no! I married my husband."

NOT FORGOTTEN.

"The spirit of John Jones," said the medium.

"He died in arrears," replied the editor.

"Ask him if it is hot enough for him."

THE BAKER'S JOKE.

"I wish you'd help me with this bread," said the baker.

"I never promised to be your business assistant," said his wife.

"You promised to stand by me in my hour of need," said the baker.

FAITH FOR BOUQUET.

"There is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me?"

"What is that?"

"He thinks that some of the snapshot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."

SUICIDAL.

Miss Prion (quoting)—Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.

Miss Smart (musing)—Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated.

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

Laur.—George, look at that dog! Will he bite?

George—Bite! If he's a dog of any judgment, Laur., he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!

TEST OF AFFECTION.

He—Is there anything I can do to prove my affection so that you will not doubt it?

She—There is, marry my sister. She is ten years older than I, and mamma is determined not to let me marry till Sophia is disposed of.

ACCOMMODATING.

"Would you please chop these trees across for me?"

"John, just break this lady's bones for her."

MIS OBJECTION.

"I simply wish we'd never had any American Revolution," sighed Tommy, after school the other day. "It's made my life miserable."

"How so?" asked his uncle.

"So many more history dates to remember," said Tom.

HOOLIGAN'S FALL.

An Irish newspaper once said in announcing an accident: "Our fellow townsmen, Mr. Hooligan, fell out of the second-story window yesterday and broke his neck and suffered internal injuries. His friends will be glad to know that the latter are not serious."

REJECTED.

Business Man—Are you a good whistler, my boy?

Applicant—Yessir; daisy.

Business Man—Get!

ON THE DUELLING FIELD.

"I thought, count, that you were a dead shot?"

"I am."

"And yet though you said you would shoot your adversary through the heart, you hit him in the foot?"

"It was an error of judgment. I thought his heart was in his boots; it turned out to be in his mouth."

HER LIMITED ROTATION.

"Your father raises eggplant in his garden, doesn't he, Sallie?"

"Oh, yes—every year."

"Well, doesn't chickweed trouble the beds a good deal?"

A BULL TRIP IN PROSPECT.

Neighbor—Mr. Gaybor is going to the Atlanta Exposition, is he? Won't it cost him a good deal of money?

Mr. Gaybor—Not very much. I am going with him.

LETTING HIM FINISH.

Clothes—Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?

Customer—Oh yes, all my boys have worn it.

CLOTHES—WELL, THINK OF THAT!

Customer—Every time after a rain the next smaller one had to take it.

HAIR DYES FOR ROYALTY.

An amusing story comes from the court of Italy. For some time past Queen Marguerite has been very much concerned at the extraordinary rapidity with which the hair of King Humbert has been whitening. What could she do? Womankind, she says only onyone remedy—hair dye—and she suggested the idea to the king. But his majesty objected to being rejuvenated by such a process. One of her relatives, a young prince, suggested strategy. He knew, he said, of a splendid colorless dye, which she could place on the dressing table of the king, and he would use it, without thinking, as an ordinary hair wash. But his majesty got wind of the affair and laid a counter plot. The queen had a little white dog with long hair. He inveigled it into his dressing room, applied the famous hair dye and turned the dog into her majesty's apartments in a coat of splendid jet black.

SEARCHING ANCIENT GRAVES.

In the Punic cemeteries of Carthage Father D'olatre has already examined 125 tombs. He has found a painted terra-cotta mask, with oval face, short side whiskers and a closely-shaven chin and bronze rings in the ears; and also a disk of terra-cotta with a warrior on horseback in relief upon it, under the horse a running dog, and above the figure a lotus flower and a crescent moon.

THE MOWER CYCLE.

The Clever Invention of a 16-Year Old Boy.

The time has come when the man who has put up the rocks for his son's bicycle may reap a return for his cash. He can set the bicycle riders of his family to a useful employment, for a 16-year-old youth of Newburg has invented a machine which meets the requirements of the case. He calls it a mower cycle. It is nothing more nor less than a large hand mower, which takes the place of the front wheels of a bicycle. The mower wheels have rubber tires and they run as smoothly as a bicycle wheel. The attachment is made by means of long steel forks,

CUTTING HAMS AND BACON.

The hog is cut as shown in the diagram, the shoulder No. 1. The ham (No. 2) is cut through the bone a short distance from hip to joint, and this piece of bone is left in the meat. The small piece (No. 3) is kept for boiling and is salted; so is No. 7. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are roasting pieces, eaten fresh, or the ribs are taken out and the whole, including No. 8, may be cured for bacon. Nos. 3, 5 and 6 may be salted for frying wet out of the pickle; then No. 8 makes the best breakfast bacon. Split the head down the face and save for salting and smoking. Bolt the rest of the head with the ears and feet and trimmings of the hams and make head cheese.

The next process is the salting. Use

an oblong box of suitable size or a pork

barrel. The hams and bacon require a

<p

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR
THURSDAY, OCT 24, 1895.

LOCAL ITEMS.

New Flgs at Claggett's.

Ben. Sherman, of Maple Forest, was in town Monday.

Pure Lard and Cottolene at Claggett's.

Ed. Cobb of Maple Forest, was in town Thursday.

Brick! Brick! Brick Cheese!! at Salling, Hanson & Co's store.

Mrs. R. Richardson was visiting in Roscommon last week.

Vermont Maple Syrup, at Claggett's.

Mrs. R. D. Conine returned Monday from a two weeks visit with friends at Traverse City.

Choice Dairy Butter and Fresh Eggs at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

Postmaster Braden was in Detroit last week, and John Lece took his place behind the box.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wright's restaurant.

Township Treasurer Chas. F. Kellogg, of Ball, was in town last Friday.

Look at S. H. & Co's Advertisement in this paper.

Mrs. H. Trumley visited Vanderbilt, and spent Sunday with the children.

An all wool Serge, 45 inches wide, only 50 cents, at Claggett's.

The boys in the lumber yard thought it was rushing the season, Saturday and Monday nights.

For California fruit, of all kinds, go to C. Wright's restaurant.

Twenty inches of snow on the level was reported in Center Plains, Monday morning.

The best Patent Flour in town, at Bates, Marsh & Co's.

A. B. Corwin, of this township, raised 25 bushels of sorted potatoes this season.

For Harness or quick repairs, go to M. E. Merrill's Harness shop.

Mrs. J. M. Jones is "swinging round the circle," inspecting the W. R. C. She is at Lake City to day.

Try Claggett's 35c Tea. 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 26th, at the usual hour.

Get my prices on cook and heating stoves, before buying elsewhere. A. Kraus.

Col. Warden went to Standish Monday, to look after some reported trespasses on Government land.

Claggett's Oolong Tea is a winner. Try it.

Geo. L. Alexander was in attendance at the circuit court at Gaylord, the first of the week.

H. T. Shaffer, of Center Plains, reports a yield of 65 bushels of potatoes from 3 acres of land.

New Brick Cheese, just received, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

H. H. Bay is back from Chicago, and has resumed his place with S. H. & Co.

Pan cakes in a minute, by the Prepared Buckwheat Flour. Claggett's sells it.

John Corwin, of this township, dug 14 bushels of potatoes one day last week.

For guns, rifles and all kinds of ammunition and sporting goods, go to Albert Kraus.

W. Metcalf, of Center Plains, was a welcome caller at our office, on Tuesday.

Pure Buckwheat Flour at Claggett's. New process. Itching qualities removed. Try it.

The Woman's Relief Corps will give a Supper and Social at their hall, Friday evening, November 1st, 1895.

For Rent—The Photograph Gallery formerly occupied by G. Bonnell. Address Andrew Marsh, Grayling.

Claggett's Silver Moon Natural Leaf Tea is winning—trade every day. Best 50c Tea on earth.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will give a Supper and Social at W. R. C. hall to morrow evening. Supper from 5 to 8.

Claggett has received his new line of Canned Vegetables, from Orchard Farm. Best in the city; try them.

The ladies of the M. P. Church realized but \$4.50 from their Supper last Friday evening. The weather was too inclement.

Our line of Flour, Feed, Grain and Hay, is complete. Prices guaranteed. Bates, Marsh & Co.

If afflicted with scalp disease, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Go to Fournier's for Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, etc.

Devere Hall, of Bay City, has been appointed Lieutenant Commander of the K. O. T. M., in place of H. W. Carey, who resigned his position.

Mens all wool pants, warranted not to rip. Claggett sells them.

The Grayling House register shows a fine patronage, and the guests express great satisfaction with their treatment as well as with the menu.

Creamery Butter always on hand, at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

Otsego county will have about 200,000 bushels of potatoes for shipment this fall. The average price is 12 cts a bushel.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, bread and Confectionery, go to C. Wright's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Mrs. M. E. Hageman, and children, of Beaver Creek, started for their new home in New York state, last Tuesday.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

Go to Fournier's Drug Store for School Books.

Ten inches of snow fell between Saturday and Sunday morning, and the mercury registered at 15 during the night.

Go to Claggett's for your winter Underwear. He has a new line for Gents, Ladies and Children.

Diphtheria is reported at Vanderbilt, and it behoves our people to watch out for the first symptoms of its appearance in our midst.

A "Garland" is just what you want in cold weather. They are sold by S. H. & Co.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 26th, at the usual hour.

Go to the restaurant of C. Wright where you will find a nice selection of Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Bulk Oysters, etc.

As the county tax alone up in Cheboygan will be nearly 2 per cent, road improvement has been given up for a year.

Beyond all doubt, Bates, Marsh & Co. have the best line of Teas and Coffees to be had in Grayling.

Rev. S. G. Taylor passed through Grayling last Monday evening, on his return from Detroit, where he was called to attend the funeral of his brother in law.

Salling Hanson & Co's White Rose Flour is the best. You should try it.

A report is received here of the death of Mathew Gwatkins, a former resident of Center Plains Township, at his home in Webberville.

We are in receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Michigan C. E. Herald, published at Tawas City, by Patterson and Schermerhorn, and edited by Rev. E. Schermerhorn of that place. It is published monthly, at 50 cents a year, and promises to be a grand help in the work of Christian Endeavor.

Rolls Brink began teaching his second term of school at Appenzell Monday. A good recommendation to be called the second time to the same place.

The Ladies are delighted with Claggett's Cork Sole Shoes. He has them for Men also. Best thing out for winter.

James Norn, the big mill owner of St. Adish, says that he lost about \$8000 by the failure of Mosher & Son of Bay City.

Buy your Underwear of Salling, Hanson & Co., they have the best in the market, at the least money.

MARRIED—On Tuesday evening the 26th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Peter Pease and Miss Mary Taylor. Justice Woodburn officiated.

FOR SALE—A fine Haines Brothers Piano, new and perfect in tone and finish. Burl Walnut case. For price call or address, T. Cox.

Saturday morning came in with a rush, as if old winter was bound to get here to stay. It was a gentle reminder to the people to get ready for what is sure to come a little later.

A masquerade dance is advertised at Larson's Hall, Nov. 1. Suites will be on exhibition and for rent at R. Meyers' Store. A good time is anticipated.

For Sale—A good portable saw mill and engine and boiler. Capacity 10-12 M per day of hardwood. Will sell cheap. Address E. A. Stimson, St. Charles, Mich. Sept-19-44

Ex-Supervisor Ira H. Richardson, of South Branch, was in town Friday. He is so accustomed to being here this time of the year, that he couldn't help it.

A number of leading farmers of Vienne signed agreements with an agent for lightning rods for their buildings, and now the agent is coming at them with promissory notes, and a law suit is brewing. Lewiston Journal.

If afflicted with scalp disease, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Cheboygan county won the suit against the bondsmen of Ex-County Treasurer Erratt, who are ordered to fork over \$11,014, the amount of the alleged shortage. The bondsmen will appeal.

Miss Lou Mason is gladly welcomed back to Grayling by our young people as well as those who desire her professional service in the artistic display of a new hat.

A. J. Rose is making a trip between St. Louis and Port Huron, looking after the business of the firm which he represents.

Harness maker Merrill is showing something new in a metal strap that will interest every owner of a team. Step into his shop, and see it.

The weather clerk made a record Monday morning by registering the temperature at 7° during the night and only 10° at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A competent blacksmith and wood worker is in want of a job for the winter. Is not afraid of work, and well acquainted with what is required in camp. Enquire at the AVALANCHE office. —sep26th

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cobb, of Maple Forest, were in town the last of the week, and from the amount of trading they were doing one might imagine they were about to start a country store.

John McKee came down from camp Saturday, and was picked up in the street early Sunday morning, drunk again. Justice McIlroy thought it was worth \$5.00 and costs, or ten days in jail.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will give a "Peanut Social," at the home of Miss Besse Metzler, Thursday evening, Oct. 24. A musical program has been arranged for the evening. Refreshments 10 cents. All are cordially invited.

The Maccabees under the Searchlight," at the Presbyterian church, last Saturday evening was well attended, and pronounced one of the best entertainments that has been given here for a long time. It will be dedicated next month.

Sunday evening William Sheffel, of the 5th ward, handed the writer a cluster of ripe wild strawberries that his son had gathered that afternoon near the race track. There were four berries, and they were much larger than the average of wild berries. —Cheboygan Tribune.

H. K. Gustin's scheme whereby he was to settle back taxes for 50 cents on the dollar in Gustin, Alcona county, has received a damper by Attorney-General Maynard, who says that there is no provision whereby a township can settle taxes at a reduced rate.

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Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

The grand chapter of the Eastern Star, at Saginaw, adjourned Thursday after electing the following officers: Worthy grand matron, Mrs. Lida A. Pratt; Jolly grand patron, Mrs. A. Conover, Coldwater; associate grand matron, Mrs. Ida Joslin, Northville; associate grand patron, Mrs. A. Matteson, Middleville; grand secretary, reelected third term, Mrs. A. M. Patterson, Middleville; grand treasurer, reelected. Mrs. Susan K. Winans, Lansing; grand conductress, Mrs. S. E. Page, Petoskey; associate grand conductress, Mrs. Anna Carpenter, Ypsilanti.

For some time past Attorney G. L. Alexander, of Grayling, has been looking over the records of this county in the interest of Salling, Hanson & Co. of Grayling, and the object of his labors has just been made public. On the west side of this county is a vast tract of marshland suitable for farming purposes and it was the intention of the above named firm to secure possession of this tract, and establish a Swedish colony on it. We are informed, that the work of Mr. Alexander was to look up the abstracts and titles of the same and the firm of Salling, Hanson & Co. now own 10,000 acres in block. Delinquent taxes in the sum of upward \$900 have been paid to Roscommon township, in which the land is situated. It is also reported that this company are extending a branch of the F. & P. M. Rail road so that it will enter the land, and will eventually extend to Grayling. Already the predictions of the News that Roscommon lands are going to rise in value and are coming into the market, is being verified. Land in the vicinity of the Lakes is being rapidly picked up and it will not be long before choice tracts of land, that are now almost going begging, will be transformed into farms, and can only be bought at fancy prices. Again we ask our young men what they mean by letting outsiders come in and take the cream of the picking from them. —Ros. News.

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.
PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder, Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist.
WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Teter.

NOTICES.

Whereas my wife, May Lightner, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this is to notify all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

oc3—46 JACOB LIGHTNER.

The township of Hebron, near Cheboygan, is struggling with black diphtheria scourge. Ten cases have already been reported.

How to Cure a Cold.
Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy.

If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat or lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you.

If you wish to try call at our store, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion. L. Fournier. 1

One of the largest lumber deals ever made at Cheboygan, was closed Oct. 18. Peltor & Reed, local lumber and mill men, have sold to D. S. Pate, of Chicago, 2,300,000 ft. of high grade pine lumber. The price named is over \$40,000.

House for Sale.
For sale a good 5 room house with woodshed, barn, grainery and well. All in good repair. Owner will sell very cheap for cash. Good reasons for selling. A bargain for right party. Call on or address E. VAN DYNE, Grayling, Mich.

Bishop Richter dedicated St. Lawrence's new Polish church at Cheboygan. Catholic societies from Gaylord and Mullett Lake arrived on special cars. The new French church will be dedicated next month.

WORTH KNOWING.

Many thousand people have found a friend in Bacon's Celery King.

If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be glad to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge. L. Fournier.

Sunday evening William Sheffel, of the 5th ward, handed the writer a cluster of ripe wild strawberries that his son had gathered that afternoon near the race track. There were four berries, and they were much larger than the average of wild berries. —Cheboygan Tribune.

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THE AMERICAN TRAMP

SOME CHARACTERISTIC TYPES OF THESE VAGABONDS.

Combination of Circumstances that is Evolving Novel Varieties of American Nomads—Wandering Willie Meandering Mike and Plodding Pete.

Tramp American. Our North American tramp nuisance has more than once been ascribed to the climatic influences of a continent which, for ages, remained a haunt of nomadic hunters, but the truth seems

to be that a well-selected assortment of her constituents in the usurper's un-pacified government.

Flight from the scene of such ex-plots is facilitated by the free and easy methods of our railway employees. In Pennsylvania and all over the South freight trains with dozens of visibly empty cars can be seen trundling by, or stopping on a sidetrack where nobody tries or cares to prevent a surreptitious addition to the cargo of live stock. A reporter of a Chattanooga paper found "six boboos on one freight south-bound, and four on another that had just come in from the West. He called a brakeman's attention to the result of his investigation, but was told that the evil was irremediable, and

that the evil was irremediable, and



THE HANG-OUT.

to be that the industrial classes of all ages and all countries have been annoyed by the manifestations of an instinct which, in the United States, has been developed by an unparalleled combina-



THE PEDDLER TRAMP.

tion of propitious circumstances. As a matter of mere climatic predestination, writes F. L. Oswald in the *Globe-Democrat*, professional tramps would probably prefer the almost perpetual spring of Southern France, but the thrifty citizens of that truck-farm Eden have repressed vagrancy by a code of by-laws that could never be enforced upon the easy-going natives of republican America.

In France and, indeed, all over Central and Southern Europe, people live in towns or villages, and the farmsteads that hear no chickens crow but their own, as they express it in Tennessee, are known only in the Austrian Alps and in the highlands of Norway. The lowland roads, from Havre to Moscow, are patrolled by gendarmes, or mounted constables, apt to stop every suspicious pedestrian and ask more questions than an American tramp would have to answer after an attempt at highway robbery. Even the grumbling good wife who contrives to bunt another "hardout" after satisfying half a dozen similar demands in about as many hours, is not given to cross-examination. The ups and downs of her own ancestors may have something to do with that tolerance, as well as her democratic principle of giving a suspect the benefit of every doubt, and rather assist twenty fugitives from justice than turn the bulldog upon one deserving applicant for charity. The gold hunters who, a few months ago, traversed the sandhills of Western Australia, reported that on a journey of 1,800 English miles they found only three pools of drinkable water, one rain a year being about the average of that discouraging climate. Droughts of that sort are almost unknown on the continent of Columbus. In East America, at least, perennial springs can be found in every wooded hollow, and the entire mountain system of the Alleghenies, with all their spurs and ramifications, abounds in attractive camping grounds. "Hang outs," as the knights of the pike call their bivouacs, are found near every principal city of the Union—generally in some shady dell just beyond the limit of the corporation lines. Occasional rainy spells do not damp the spirits of the expert vagrant. He knows weather sheds and isolated barns, and further south hundreds of abandoned homesteads, often with strong, weather-proof buildings and good orchards. One must have traveled in Georgia and the Carolinas to credit the multitude of these monuments of our North American migration mania. "Gone West," "Moved to the city," says your guide, as you pass farm after farm, with the fences down and the flower path covered with rank grass. "Lots of good apples in there," he often adds, "but there is no sale for them, and the folks round here have more than they can use themselves. It looks like a sit to let all that fruit spoil."

The Commonweaver's Androcity.

Brother Commonweaver relishes the community of such scruples. In wet summers a whole gang of his brethren will establish their headquarters in a desirable ruin, keeping the tin can boiling with the produce of extensive raids and fuel from the pile of molding fence rails. In stress of circumstances a helated veteran of the cold lunch brigade will not hesitate to avail himself of the temporary desertion of a comfortable dwelling infuse, and a Kentuckian grass widow, on her return from a few days' visit to a sick sister, was horrified to find a 6-foot tramp in her

must be connived at to avoid worse things—midnight valleys of stones and maledict destruction of freight and rolling stock. En passant the railroad, however, oft take a peep into one of the mislaid box cars. "Get a move on yourselves, now," he growled. "I've suppose the railways have nothing to do but carry bums? Get out there, I say!" But then went on without caring to materials the effect of his protest.

In dark nights passenger trains, too, have to carry such travelers. Joe Krieger, the "King of Tramps," as he called himself, a year ago offered to bet that he could make the trip from Boston to Los Angeles in two weeks, without troubling a ticket agent, and laughed at the men of extra vigilance on the part of the Southern Pacific railroads awaiting to baffle a tourist of his experience. Cinder showers do not dislodge the incubus who crouches on the platform between the baggage car and the tender of the locomotive, and only at long intervals his enterprise leads to events like that reported from Pulaski, Tenn., where a few weeks ago a centurion passenger was ridged with bullets in a fight with a gang of train robbers. River steamers not only permit, but often invite impecu-

nous travelers to accept a temporary berth on the roustabout deck in consideration of their assistance at wood-pile work, and the crew rarely grudges compensation, before applying for another week's wander license; they may abuse that license by confidence tricks and petit larceny, but the American thoroughbred rejects by trades even in that form. He loves the art of uncompromising vagrancy for art's sake; and as long as he can walk and beg, neither stimulates his appetite with manual labor nor lets the peace of his digestion be troubled by the Nemesis of crime.

Tortured by Mosquitoes.

A "combination atlas and map of Trumbull County," published at Chicago, Ill., under the supervision of L. H. Evans, in the year 1874, tells a queer story of early frontier justice.

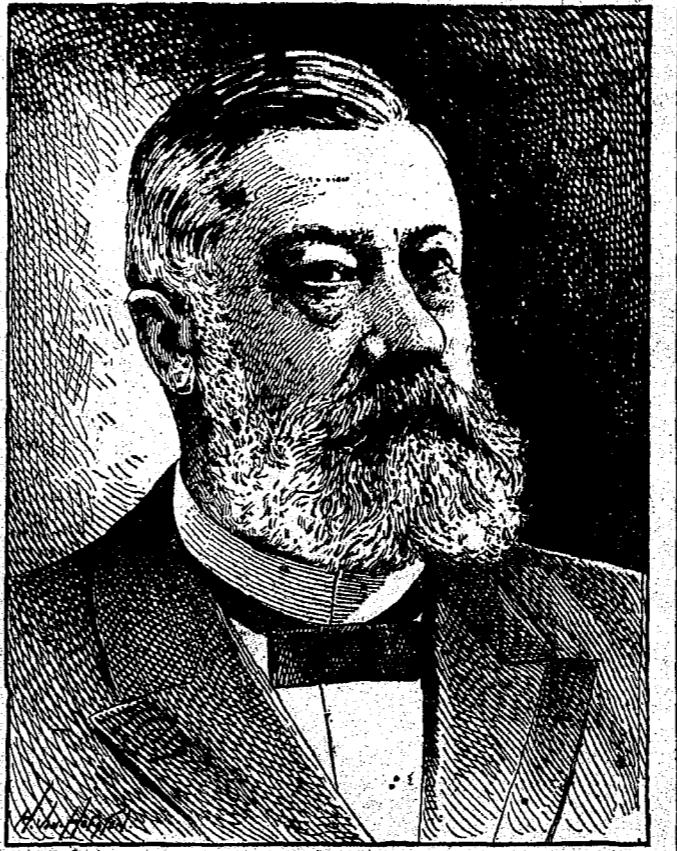
The first trial tribunal was composed of a self-organized body of men, who tried and convicted a man for stealing from a fellow boarder. He was convicted, and sentenced to be divested of his apparel, tied to a tree, and subjected to the bites of mosquitoes for the period of an hour. It was soon discovered, however, that the man would have little or no blood left at the expiration of his term of punishment, and he was released at the end of the first half hour. He was never known to stand again.—Columbus Journal.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnham—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook—Yonker's Statesman.



THE TRAMP TRAGEDIAN.

HON. JOSEPH ZEMP, PRESIDENT OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.



HER CHALLENGE.

She Downed All Comers Until the Man with Baseball Lingo Spoke up.

"I am the peer of any man!"

As she uttered these words of proud defiance Flinda Saycal drew herself to her full height and scornfully gazed at the group of savants who surrounded her. All but one of the throng cringed before her as if acknowledging her claim, so great was her crudeness, so masterful was her manner.

The one who cringed not was hardly a savant. He was a professional baseball umpire, with a large aggressive looking pompadour and black eyes that regarded her with a look of confident cunning.

One by one the savants questioned her. She answered queries in French; German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and Norwegian. She read Greek, Latin and Hebrew at sight, and she called Sanskrit "easy."

"Gentlemen," she pleaded at last, "try to make it more interesting for me. This is mere kindergarten work." "Do your worst!" she said, mockingly. "There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What? Nothing?"

It was the umpire with the aggressive pompadour and the keen, cunning eyes who spoke. There was a cynical smile on his lips.

"Nothing! Nothing!"

She repeated the words as defiantly as ever, but there was a startled look in her eyes, as if she knew she possessed one vulnerable point and feared he had found it.

"Nothing in English would puzzle you, I suppose?"

"Chaucer without a glossary or Browning without a key, of course," she sneered, "but just try me. And as for magazine poetry, I can tell what it means when it doesn't mean anything. There is nothing I cannot understand."

"What, then, does this mean?"

Taking from his pocket a morning paper he read aloud: "Nichols found the leather for the left field fence. Lowe cracked a single, sending Nichols to second. Long smashed a corking two-bagger through Eddie Burke, and the cranks had heart failure as two of the Beaneaters sprinted across the plate. Rusie's next ball twisted like an elongated bedspring, but Duffy pushed his bat against it for a single. He fell asleep on first, however, and was nailed by big Amle's catapult throw."

"Tucker's pop fly was pie for Davis, and Nash fanned the other three times, sending Beantown to the field. The Giants were goose egged in their half. Rusie banged twister with whiskers on it to the infield, but the leather beat him out at first. Ternan fouled. Stanford touched Nichols for three bags, but died when Farrell popped a fly."

Pausing, the umpire transfixed the new woman with triumphant eyes that seemed to burn into her very soul.

"What does that mean?" he demanded.

With a shriek of despair Flinda Saycal fell to the floor.

"Lost! Lost!" she moaned.

The baseball reporter's lingo was the one thing on earth she could not understand.—Louisville Commercial.

A Savings Bank Incident.

Richard Roe deposited \$705 in the Bowery Savings Bank in New York, between 1833 and 1849. Between 1835 and 1855, \$753.89 were withdrawn. When the last draft was made the depositor's book appeared to be overdrawn \$1. There were due Roe at that time, however, dividends amounting to

a hundred dollars and one cent, which had not been entered in his passbook, and the bank really owed him a balance of ninety-nine dollars and one cent.

The balance went on accumulating dividends until 1875, when it became a dormant amount, and ceased to draw interest. The amount then due Roe was \$343.25. Efforts were made without success to find him. He had become very poor, was too old and feeble to go to work again, and was given a home by his sons at Rutherford, N. J.

Roe always intended to repay the \$1 he thought he owed, but never did so. President Townsend, of the Bowery Savings Bank, in looking over the books one day came across Roe's account. A new search was instituted and Roe was found at Rutherford. He was told to call at the bank with his old account books. Shortly afterward he did so, accompanied by his granddaughter, 17 years old.

"I suppose it's about that dollar I owe you bank that you want to see me," said the old man, addressing Mr. Townsend.

"Guess these bank people know what's right," he said to his granddaughter. "I never was much on 'rithmetic."

He pocketed the \$343.25, shook hands with the bank officials and returned home.

How He Broke the Ice.

Many different persons find the beginning of a conversation awkward, especially on ceremonial occasions and with strangers. Sometimes, however, the beginning is not half so awkward as what comes afterward.

According to a story in *Funch*, a bashful young man said to a lady at a dinner party:

"I've got to take you in to dinner, Miss Travers, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know; Mrs. Jolibois tells me you're very clever."

"The young lady was naturally annoyed by this display of simplicity.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "I'm not a bit clever."

The man heaved a sigh of relief, and said:

"Well, do you know, I thought you weren't."

Gincose.

A short article going the rounds of the press, and recently published in our columns, states that gincose is the greatest of all adulterants, and is used for making cheap candy, sugar, jellies and syrups. According to "Confectioners' Journal," this is untrue. Gincose is used in some candies, but it is not "the greatest of all adulterants," nor an adulterant at all. It is simply an ingredient and does not differ in this respect from molasses, and is just as harmless. Although the assertions made in article quoted from distinctly apply to cheap candies, and have no reference to the honestly made article, we gladly correct a statement which, it seems, has no foundation in fact.

Under the Sea.

The progress of photography under the sea, by means of the newly devised magnesium light—a marvel of ingenuity—may justly be described as something wonderful, though the timing of the exposures is said to still present one of the most serious difficulties yet to be overcome.

"That racehorse of yours seems well broke," said the man who stands around and looks on. "Yes," replied the melancholy owner of the animal; "but he isn't as well broke as I am."—Washington Star.

It is difficult to humiliuate a woman who wears bloomers.

PLAYING NOAH'S ARK.



EXPENSIVE SPORT.

Cost of Building and Sailing the Cup Contests.

When Lord Dunraven expressed himself not long ago as in favor of reducing the load water line of future cup contestants from ninety to seventy-two feet, he doubtless had in mind the enormous sum of money which it cost to build and maintain a 50-foot racing sloop. Few persons have any idea of the amount it now requires to conduct an international race, and it would doubtless surprise many to know that the cost of the present series is not far from half a million dollars.

To begin with the Defender. The cost of her shape hull is said to be about \$85,000. Her four suits of sails cost approximately \$10,000, and the value of her spars is \$10,000. Thus the actual cost of merely building the cup Defender was \$105,000. But that is not all. A training ship cost \$10,000; a tender \$6,300; wages, clothing and feeding of her crew for four months \$30,000; bonuses, \$5,000; towing bills, \$2,000; and \$2,000 more for docking. To these amounts must be added \$5,000 in conveying the Defender's fittings by express instead of freight, and \$10,700 for repairs and odds and ends, making the total cost of building and sailing the Defender \$176,000.

The Valkyrie is not such an expensive boat. No exact figures are obtainable in regard to the cost of building and maintaining her, but competent experts figure that the total amount expended in connection with her will not exceed \$90,000.

Thus it will be seen that the two boats themselves, their construction and equipment make a total expenditure of \$266,000. To this must be added the \$50,000 which Commodore George Gould laid out in tuning the Vigilant up to a trial horse for the Defender, and taking \$185,000 as the total sum laid out in connection with the challenge, trial races, entertainment and similar items, the cost of the international races of 1895 will be seen to amount to fully \$500,000.

The America's cup is worth not more than \$250, but fully \$1,000,000 has been expended in keeping it on this side of the water since the America won it in 1851.

Modern Instances.

The papers have recently recorded the suicide of three children—two of them only nine years old. One little girl killed herself because of the harsh reproofs of her father when he found that she had appropriated a penny from some household money, and the other two children took their lives in order to spare their mother, a poor widow, the burden of their support. All belonged to the class whose life is more or less of a struggle from its beginning, and probably, therefore, were not endowed with unusual sensibility. In commenting upon these incidents, Kate Field's Washington gives a word of warning to thoughtless parents who do not realize the dreadful suffering children often endure, silently, for some chance remark, exaggerated either carelessly or to put a moral. Habitual inaccuracy of speech is not taken account of by children, unlearned in the ways of this world. A serious, sensitive child naturally believes the letter of the law, and will brood for weeks over hints of pecuniary or domestic trouble which the father and mother forgot ten minutes after they have uttered them. The certainty that he is powerless to avert misfortune makes it all the more terrible in prospect. Older people know what it is to "enjoy poor health," and understand the "luxury of being miserable," hear rumors of bankruptcy and warnings of danger with tolerable complacency; but children should be spared this unnecessary torture. "Childhood's happy hour" is balanced by many an hour of real distress, and the 5-year-old who announced in a moment of gloom that "this world isn't any better than an old shanty, anyhow," is not alone among his contemporaries. The retrospection of the old, in which childhood figures as a period of unceasing pleasure, takes account of the gains without the losses, and the weather of the past is always sunshine in the mature memory; so that children have very little appreciation or sympathy given to their sorrows.

Parried by a Joke.

One of Henry Clay's most formidable one-armed man, for many years a member of Kentucky opponents was John Pope, a member of Congress, and at one time a United States Senator. He was once running against Mr. Clay in the Lexington district, and the contest was close and exciting.

As election day approached, Mr. Clay heard that an Irishman in Lexington, who had always been one of his political supporters, had announced his purpose to vote for Mr. Pope. Mr. Clay went to see him, and inquired the reason.

"Faith, Mr. Clay," said the man, "an' I've concluded to vote for the man who has only one arm to thrust into the treasury."

The Upas Not Deadly.

The nonsense about the poisonous exhalations of the upas tree were dispelled long ago. It is, however, a good old myth, with many variants in folklore. Professor Weisner believes that the upas tree is the *Anthrax toxicaria*, to be found in Java. There is one species, the *Innoxia*, which is harmless, whereas a drop of the distilled juice of the toxicaria will kill a dog. Anyhow, there are quite a number of the so-called upas trees growing in the botanical garden of Java, and you may walk around the grove in the most comfortable manner.

In Public.

There is no better criterion of a man's breeding than the way he conducts himself at a theater party. If he ignores the performance, and keeps up a little comedy of his own by laughing and talking, and thus disturbing everybody around him, you may safely set him down as a cad. As a rule, when the theater crowd goes by himself he is quiet enough. But going in a party seems to have an intoxicating effect upon him, and he avails himself of it as an opportunity to show what he really is,

Indiana's Houses Are So Fine.

Why Denver's Houses Are So Fine.

Kate Field, who is out in Denver, is very much impressed with its lovely characteristics, especially as manifested in its fine houses. Every minor who strikes it rich, she says, comes to Denver, seeks an architect and orders a house built, merely saying, "Build all creation and d—n the expense." Thus she accounts for the beautiful homes of the city of the great divide.

</div

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. No.

GEN. PARKER AND THE SENECAS

It is a Question Whether He Was a Full-Blooded Indian.

Some of the accounts of the late Gen. Ely S. Parker state that he was "a lineal descendant of Red Jacket," and the "last surviving chief of the Six Nations."

Neither statement is correct. Gen. Parker's mother belonged to the Wolf clan of the Iroquois, and this was the clan to which Red Jacket's mother belonged. On account of this clan relationship Red Jacket, whenever he visited the Tonawanda reservation, used to make the home of Gen. Parker's parents his abiding place. The old sachem survived all his own children and died, the last of his family, in 1830, when Gen. Parker inherited the great silver medal which Washington had presented to Red Jacket in 1792. It descends regularly to the grand sachem of the Wolf clan. The late Jenny Johnson had it from Red Jacket, and upon Chief Jenny's death it was handed down to Gen. Parker. The latter had the medal when, in October, 1884, the bones of Red Jacket and other chiefs were reinterred with appropriate ceremonies in the lot in Forest Lawn now overlooked by Red Jacket's statue.

Gen. Parker was one of the fifty sachems of the Six Nations and one of the several chiefs of the Seneca nation. Both the tribal and the league forms of government are continued to-day precisely as in former times when the Iroquois were the rulers of central New York. The distinction between chiefs and the sachems is, according to Gen. Parker, that the sachems are tribal chiefs who sit in the councils of the nation while the chiefs sit only in the councils of their several tribes. The death of Gen. Parker will leave a vacancy which will be filled at a conference held by the sachems of the nation.

A letter of Gen. Parker to William C. Bryant, of this city, throws some doubt on the story that he was a full-blooded Indian. In speaking of the distinctions of chieftainship among the Iroquois, he says: "My father and his brother Samuel were both intelligent men, and knew and understood the Indians well, and were also fairly versed in Indian politics." This certainly conveys the idea that Gen. Parker's father was a white man, and if so, it is easier to understand why he was so able and successful, though his career is a remarkable one, even among Indians having a mixture of white blood in their veins—Buffalo Courier.

Discipline in the Austrian Army. Thirteen Austrian bussars were shot and thirteen others sent to jail for life at Przemysl, in Galicia, the other day, for the murder of a sergeant who had maddened them by his cruelty and tyranny.

Matilda Enham, Columbia, Pa., says: "That Bearing-Down Feeling and dizzy, faint, gasping attacks left me as soon as I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick with womb troubles so long I thought I never could get well."

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pastures a remedy that cures every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious, it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

S. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Comes where all else fails. Best in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result." —W. O. JENKINS, Dowcress, N. H.

IT WILL CURE YOU TOO.

CAPT. THOMAS B. GRIFFITH. President of the 130th Regiment Volunteers' Association.

The subject of this sketch, Captain Thomas B. Griffith, who was elected president of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, at their reunion at Harrisburg, recently, was born in Stewartstown, York County, Feb. 28, 1838. He is the son of William and Mary (Baird) Griffith. He was sent to Baltimore city when he was 9 years old, and lived with his grandmother, Mary Griffith, until 16. He had the advantage of the select and academic schools of that city. At the end of that period he again returned to his parental roof and continued his studies by taking an academ-

THE LATE PROF. LOUIS PASTEUR.



CAPTAIN THOMAS B. GRIFFITH.

to course in his native town, under Prof. James A. Murphy, recently deceased.

In the fall of 1862 he enlisted in Company C, One Hundred and Thirtieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, as first Lieutenant; was promoted to the captaincy of his company, and saw active service in the battles of Fredericksburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville. After a service of nine months in the war he returned to his practice for several years with marked success. In 1871 he came to Montoursville, and after practicing his profession for two years, in 1874 he purchased the drug business of Dr. Archer and Harry Bastian, which he has since conducted in connection with dentistry.

Captain Griffith held the position of overseer and ganger of the Foust distillery in York County for two and a half years, under President Andrew Johnson's administration. He has been a member of the school board of Montoursville for two years, and belongs to Eureka Lodge, No. 335, A. Y. M. Reno Post, No. 64, G. A. R., and the Montoursville Veteran Association, in all of which he has taken a lively interest for their prosperity and welfare.

Current Condensations.

Last year the deposits in the savings of chieftainship among the Iroquois increased by nearly \$17,000,000 over the previous year. This was in a time of depression.

Lowell has one of her road sides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity, as a memorial to her pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point.

A monster chain forty kilometers (twenty-five miles) long is being made for Germany at the Wattelat works, Jurnet, Belgium, the total weight being 680 tons, so that sixty-eight ten ton wagons, or a whole train, will be required for its carriage.

At the sale of an important private library at New York last week most of the books sold very low, including some that lately have been bringing fancy prices. The most hotly contested rarity in the collection appears to have been Jay Gould's history of Delaware County, which brought \$12.

A collection for the families of those who went to the bottom with the Spanish war ship Reina Regente resulted in getting together a considerable sum. The Bank of Spain gave 25,000 pesetas, the Queen regent 10,000, her mother 2,000, the late Queen Isabella 4,000, her husband 3,000, two of the infantes each 2,000, little King Alfonso 2,000, and his sisters each 1,000. All the ministers and senators contributed from 100 to 200 pesetas.

The first county soldiers' monument erected in the United States is the one standing in the public square in Lancaster, Wis. It was in 1863, when several hundred Grant County boys were in fields of strife, that such a monument was suggested by George L. Lightfoot, of Platteville. It was completed and dedicated July 4, 1867, at a cost of \$7,000. Of this amount \$2,000 was raised by subscription and the remainder was appropriated by the county.

The contracts for Phelps Hall, Yale College, have been signed, and work will begin at once on the open space between Welch hall and Lawrence hall on College street. The design is in the character of a tower, flanked by four octagonal turrets, with an elevation of about 100 feet from the ground level to the top of the parapet. A great archway, sixteen feet wide in the center, leading from College street forms the principal entrance to the campus.

F. L. Coombs, of Napa, Cal., ex-minister to Japan, says: "Opportunities now in Japan for the average American are not good, as the Japanese are themselves back of every new enterprise like the introduction of electricity, and others meant to develop the empire. The Japanese have the money, too, to push forward these things. Their exports last year exceeded the imports by \$20,000,000, and sums like this in a small country, among economic people, count a good deal."

"Afflicted for seven years, with what appeared to be a cancer in the face, other treatment being of no benefit, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result is that in one year, all trace of cancer has been removed." —Mrs. JOHN B. RAVENS, Manchester, N. H.

IT CURED THESE TWO.

HIGHEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U. S. GOV'T REPORT.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

HIS UNPLEASANT DUTY.

He Did Not Make Very Hard Work of It, After All.

Now the wild rush for home begins, and when one of the women, who have gotten to know each other very well, appears upon the porch of the country house or hotel, value in hand, and while the impudent driver of the stage or carriage protests loudly and often, this sort of thing occurs:

"Good-by, Miss Bemis (kiss). Good-by, Miss Jones (kiss). So sorry to leave you all. Good-by, Mr. Brown; kiss your daughter for me. All right, driver, we're coming. Good-by, Miss Jenkins (kiss). Good-by, everybody. Come along, Katie; all right, driver. Where's Miss Burt? Oh, dear! I've left my umbrella, and it's bad luck to go back! Oh, thank you so much! All right, driver, I declare it's too bad to leave you all. You must call and see us some time—Newark, Ohio, you know. Good-by! Good-by!"

There's a flutter of handkerchiefs from the stage, a reply from the porch and the vehicle has turned the corner.

A quiet little man, who saw one of these performances the other day, said to his wife:

"Maria, must we do that sort of thing when we go to-morrow?"

"Why, certainly!" was the reply.

"You wouldn't be impolite, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said he, earnestly, "and I will, too. I'll never do that, and I tell you so right now. I'll say good-bye to the whole lot in a general way, same as the deacon, said grace over the whole barrel of pork, but I won't go round in any such fashion as that."

"Then they'll be very much hurt, and so shall I," said his wife. "You always do want to sneak out of everything and leave it for me to do."

"Oh, all right," he said, doggedly; "I'll do it."

So when they appeared in the porch the next day, equipped for traveling, the husband laid his satchel in the bus, came back, seized the prettiest girl, gave her a rousing kiss and said:

"Good-by, Miss Field; I really hate to leave you."

Then he gyrated around like a hummin-top, shook hands with the men, hugged the landlady, and kissed two more pretty women—married, these—before their husbands could protest or his panic-stricken wife interfere.

Then he bounced into the omnibus, and said, as they were driven away:

"Well, Maria, that was one time I didn't sneak, did I?"—New York Recorder.

Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of emperors.

—Emerson.

FITS.—All Fit stopped free by Dr. H. H. Green Nerve Restor. No fits after first dose. Mrs. F. C. Green, of New York, says: "I have had fits for 10 years, but I have stopped them with Dr. H. H. Green's Nerve Restor. I have had fits every day since I began to take it, and I am now perfectly well."

"I have used Dr. H. H. Green's Nerve Restor. for the past six months, and it is just as recommended. In fact, would not be without it."—Mrs. Dora A. Davis, Rockford, Ill.

Send to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass., for "Healthful Hints." SENT FREE.

G. N. U.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivaled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is made for general use.

THE SUN POLISH is made after dinner when applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Prop., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in the SICK ROOM, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

John C. & Sons, New York.

THE TIDE OF THE PAST.

Sometimes the troubled tide of all the past
Upon my spirit's trembling strand is
rolled;
Years never mine—ages an hundredfold,
With all the weight those ages have
assumed
Of human grief and wrong, are on me cast.
Within one sorcerous moment I grow old,
And blanch as one who scarce his way
can hold,
Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide
vast.

Then comes relief through some dear
common thing:
The voices of the children at their play;
The wind-wave through bright mead-
ows, moving fast;
The blue-bird's awkward call, on happy
wing;
So the sweet present reassumes her
sway;
So lapse the surges of the monstrous
past.

MY BURGLAR.

I've always had my theories as regards
one's action in an emergency. There are
some scenes I have thought over, a sort
of mental rehearsal, again and again, and
I do not believe my well-trained wits
could desert me, whatever the opinion of
brother Jack may be.

I'm not a young woman. I passed the
boundary line of old maidhood seven
years ago. I made a celebration on my
25th birthday. It comes in August and
I invited several of the old school girls
from St. Mary's to come in their cool
muslin wrappers (Past India mourning)
to the funeral of my youth. I served a
lunch of ice and lady-fingers on maiden-
hair ferns and we drank iced tea (I've al-
ways hated tea) as a proper preparation
for old maidism. I read them a poem, a
parody on the burial of Sir John Moore
in which I became a spinster and laid
youth to rest—with her twenty-five years
behind her. All that was seven years
ago, and each day I have grown more
self-reliant and brave. Quite determined
to make a career of my own, I persuaded
Jack to teach me book-keeping, and after
that was not very hard to persuade him
to let me cease play and keep his books
in earnest.

So for seven years I had work I enjoyed
and six hours of every day I spent in the
little office behind the great one where
reports from the great warehouse of Gale &
Co. had come in, ever since my Grand-
father Gale's own day. People called me
eccentric and odd at first, but my world
grew used to the fact in time, and ac-
cepted me on my own terms.

When August of last year came around
I had taken my usual July vacation, and
my 32d birthday found me at home, ready
to assume part of Jack's duties in addi-
tion to my own, that he and Anna might
have their month's outing also.

"I wish you would slip up the house
and board while we are away," Annie said.
"I hate to think of you and Maggie
all alone nights in this great house."

Maggie was our faithful domestic.

"Nonsense, Annie," I answered.
"Haven't we stayed alone for six years
every August with a private watchman,
too, for this block? I'm never one bite
afraid."

"You are perfectly safe," Jack said.
"We've got a new watchman now, who
will look after things sharp. Jerry was
growing old, and, I think, liked a quiet
corner toward morning. This is a young
fellow who is out of work; he is as bright
as a dollar."

Quite laughed to myself at Annie's
fears the next evening as I stood a moment
at the window, after extinguishing the gas,
and saw the burly, thick-set figure
of the new watchman lighting his pipe by
the gaslight. He looked able to tackle a
whole gang of house robbers unassisted.

All went peacefully. I meet the new
man—Joe, by name—each night as I
came from the office. He came to watch
at 8 o'clock. He had a bright face and a
pleasing way. I found when I stopped to
speak to him. He seemed to feel a great
sense of responsibility as regards the care
of our house, which always gave me a
comfortable feeling.

Jack had been away two weeks when
the casier was taken sick. I offered to
take his duties in connection with my own
to save recalling Jack. Mr. Gaskell
(Jack's new partner) and I really carried
the weight of the business on our shoulders
the next week. Mr. Gaskell had
only been a partner for six months. He
was an Englishman whom Jack had met
the year before in New York. He had
managed to sink a fair supply of English
gold in American ventures before Jack
met him, and he had gained thereby an
experience that made him, now in middle
life, fair to put some of our American
metal in place of that lost.

From his first coming among us, strong
in his English prejudice, there had been a
tacit war between him and me. I think
this week he laid down his arms for the
first time. "I'm not going to say I ap-
prove of your being here, Miss Lawrence," he
said one afternoon. "Though I'll ac-
knowledge no man could think quicker
or be of more help than you are, but all
the chivalry in me protests against the
drudgery you endure."

"One must work if one is to have a
career," I answered laughingly. But all
the same there was a pleasant feeling in
my heart to think he cared to save me
labor or trouble.

One afternoon, the last of the week, he
brought me \$8,000 that some western
customer had paid. "We'll have to put
it in the safe, Miss Lawrence," he said,
"the bank closed two hours ago." That
night, when I closed the safe, I deliber-
ately several moments with the door in my
hands, whether to leave the money or to
take it home with me. We have always felt
the warehouses made our office a dangerous
place, and the air was so hot and dry
that day that the very walls seemed full
of heat as they might light from sponta-
neous combustion; neither have I ever
felt perfect confidence in our safe as fire-
proof. I have tried many a time to have
Jack change it for a more modern one.
I thought of my watchman and almost de-
termined to take the money home, but
finally considered it would only give me a
wakeup night to have the care of it—and
I shut the safe.

I had my wakeup night, though, just
the same—for I had hardly fallen asleep
when I heard the song of the fire alarm.
Ordinarily I should not have risen unless
called, but the weight of the business
seemed on me, and I slipped on my
wrapper and slippers and watched the
bright light in the west. Finally I put
the alarm whistle to my lips and called
Joe. "Find out where it is, Joe," I said,
"for it's in the direction of the shipping
quarter."

Ten minutes later and Joe was breath-
less below my window. "It's a fearful
fire, miss, with everything as dry as
tinder. It's the elevator at the foot of
Fifth street." Only two blocks from the
warehouse, with the hot wind blowing
directly toward them! I thought of my
books. No one knew the safe combination
except Mr. Gaskell and myself, and

Mr. Gaskell lived two miles further
off than I, and I felt all the responsibility
rested on me to save Jack's property.
"Joe," I said, "I must go down to the
office—can you go with me?"

Joe looked solemn. "I'll have to, miss,
and let the houses watch themselves. Mr.
Lawrence said take care of you, miss
first of all." I flew to dress myself for
the street, and in two minutes was ready.
Twenty minutes more and we were before
the office door. The air was stifling—I
felt as I watched the fire brands in the
air and heard the roaring of the flames
that the warehouses were doomed.

Joe found a truck and a box, and I
loaded books and insurance papers into
them. I had just finished when I heard
Mr. Gaskell's voice behind me. "Miss
Lawrence, this is no place for you, but
it's like you to be here first," he added
quickly. "You have the books and
I see, is this your watchman?"

"I nodded.

"Have him take them to the house;
you must go with him, and leave me to
save what I can. I hate to have you take
that money," he added, sealing the bundle
I hid under my shawl. "Perhaps, though,
it will be safer with you than me, and
leave me free to work."

He put his hand on Joe's shoulder as we
reached the street. "Take care of her," I
heard him say in a low tone. "And this
night shall make a better place for you."

He laid his hand on my arm one instant.

"I will come as soon as I can leave; I'm
almost determined to go now and see you
safe home first."

"Joe will be ample protection," I
answered hurriedly, and we parted; but
through all the excitement, worry and
care, I was not disengaged. That thought
of full care encompassed me to make even
trouble lighter. The street was full of
rushing, hurrying human beings. It was
hard for Joe to force a passage for his
truck, but we reached the house in safety
with our store.

Joe placed the box in the hull. "A big
fire is the very time to look out for thieves;
but don't be scared, I'll keep a sharp
lookout." I was not scared. I knew Mr.
Gaskell would come to the house as soon
as the fire stopped his work.

I dreid to hear Maggie's lamentations.
I knew any loss to Jack or me would be
more to her than her own loss, so fore-
bore to wake her and made coffee myself
on the gas range. I could not move with
out the money. It haunted me if I laid
down. Finally I raised the lid of the
piano and laid it softly on the strings.

Then I crawled upon the sofa in the
corner of the library. I did not mean to
close my eyes; but I was very, very tired.
Robbed I was and left stunned in the
alley, back of the office, but rescued, and
my first thought was of the danger you
must be in. We won't speak of it any
more now," he added, soothingly, "for
here comes Maggie with the coffee, which I
must see you drink before I leave you to
her care."

could toward the next room. I had an
awful feeling that there would be a reaction
to all this, but I would not think
what was proper loss if only Mr. Gaskell
were safe.

Joe gave me a look. I knew his thought
as well as he had spoken. "If Mr. Gaskell
were alive he must be here soon." The
thought gave me courage, but I think
I acted out my old day dream of heavy
simply because I had rehearsed it so many
times mentally. I passed into the dining
room; the gas was lit, I saw. I opened
the door into the butler's pantry. I held
the door in my hand, and as I closed it put
down the spring lock. The dumb waiter
was lowered part way. I pointed to the
covered box it contained. (Maggie al-
ways puts the silver there for hiding) and I
said: "Take it." As he bent to reach it
ran out the opposite door and closed it.
Rushed out he could not have shut the
box. I heard his muttered curse as he
flung himself against it. It was stout oak
and it held. I shot the bolt on the cellar
door. I had my burglar a prisoner now,
unless he should dare the fruit wait.

I knew it only a moment. I must
find help before those in the library sus-
pected treachery. I opened the outside
door cautiously; there might be accom-
plices outside; what I saw was four men
coming on a run. I tried to call, but my
lips refused to move. At last nature had
her revenge. I could not utter a sound.
There was no need. I was caught in Mr.
Gaskell's arms, and I heard his voice.

"Take God, Eleanor, you are safe." I
did not faint. I knew perfectly well when
the others rushed by me that we were
savaged, but I could only hear a rushing and
roaring as if the fire was in my head, and
power to move or speak I had not.

Presently I was conscious that I was
once more on the library sofa, and that
bending over me and speaking my name as
no other had ever spoken it was the voice
I had feared I might never hear again.
Joe was crying out at the foot of the sofa.
"Oh, my brave Miss Lawrence, you've
saved us all," and much more in the same
strain, until Mr. Gaskell persuaded him to
go to Maggie for a cup of coffee.

"We have two of them in safe custody,"
he said presently. "One escaped, but Joe flung himself, bound as
he was, on the second, and we have him.
The fire is under control, and you must
let me bring you some coffee and try to
rest."

"Weren't you robbed and murdered?"
I managed to say.

"Murdered! My dear girl," he an-
swered, taking my hands in his, "can't
you realize that I am quite safe and here?"

Robbed I was and left stunned in the
alley, back of the office, but rescued, and
my first thought was of the danger you
must be in. We won't speak of it any
more now," he added, soothingly, "for
here comes Maggie with the coffee, which I
must see you drink before I leave you to
her care."

The Fakir's Business Fit.

The strangers at the fair in the
forenoon saw some familiar driving
horses paraded on the track, but for
the most part the fakirs took attention,
and they made things lively while they had the chance. Several
new tricks have been sprung this
year, one of the most absurd coming
Tuesday afternoon. One of the
fakirs had a genuine epileptic fit, and
as he fell forward foaming at the
mouth and going through the usual
convulsions, a great crowd gathered
about him, and there was much excitement
for a time, nearly every other booth being deserted tempor-
arily.

He recovered in a few minutes and
went about his business, finding an
immediate demand for his wares,
sympathetic people pouring the
dimes into his hand as fast as he
could reach for them. This was rather
than a fit for one of the gentry, and
in a few minutes the crowd was
startled by a frightful scream, and this
man was seen jumping in the
air, rolling over and over, tearing up
the grass with his teeth, and raising
the dikes generally. As a fit it
put the case of the epileptic quite
into the shade, and he was apparently
so much more a subject for com-
miseration that on his recovery,
which came in due course, he also
was able to do more business in half
an hour than he usually finds in a
day. After the crowd left he gave a
showing wink, and remarked that
that fellow over there needn't think
he's got any dead cinch on fits, see!"

More words and the click of a pistol.
All this time I had seemed frozen to the
sofa, but I had breathed a prayer and for
answer a sense of protection had come
over me, and I realized that Mr. Gaskell
might even now be on the way to aid me.
I never thought of his exposure to danger
in coming. I felt he was equal to emer-
gencies. If I could only gain time—and
like a flash my old resolutions came over
me, and a fear that I had exposed poor
Joe for his life. With that thought I
was Eleanor Lawrence, spinster, and in
my sound mind in a moment.

I rose from that couch suddenly, and I
said: "Leave that young man alone, he is
telling you the truth—he brought no
money."

And I stood by the library table and did
not so much as lay a finger on it for support.
The man guard me would not
have been any more astonished if a corpse
had spoken, I believe. He jumped two
feet at least, and the other two fellows, of
course, looking rough fellows, both
grinned broadly as they looked at him.

"Easy to deal with, pard'n," said one
of them, coarsely.

"Can't you hand the lady a chair, Jim?"
said the other.

"Quite your fooling," answered the dark
man, easily. "Well, bring the lady to
terms without any trouble, I guess."

"We know, madam," he continued,
turning to me, "that there was money in
your suit last night; we know either you
or Mr. Gaskell saved it; he hasn't got it
so it's here, and we're bound to have it, so
hand it over."

"He hasn't got it." How did they know
that? For just one second the room swam
before my eyes. Had they robbed Mr.
Gaskell already and left him murdered
while the fire would obliterate every trace
of their crime? All this in a moment of
time flashed through my mind. It took
long in the telling, but it was quick in the
thinking.

"Give the lady plenty of time, pard'n,"
snored one of Joe's watchers. "We'll have
to put the thumb screws on the boy to
make him speak," added the other. That
recalled my thoughts to Joe, the other
thoughts I tried to banish. I must see Joe

"Are you friends?" I asked the leader,
"that you have an innocent man?"

"We'll not harm you, madam," he an-
swered quickly, "but the money we will."

But I had seen my advantage. This
man, the leader, had once been something
better than he was now. He seemed to
dread violence, and he had enough of the
instincts of a gentleman left to hate to an-
noy a lady. I saw that, and on that I de-
termined to take the money home.

"Threats are useless," I said; "search
the boy for yourself," and I pointed to
the hall. "The boy is all right, lady," one of
those at the door called out, "but it's mak-
ing things hot for this boy you are with
your waiting."

I gave Joe a quick look, and I saw they
were twisting the rope around his arms.

"Don't mind me, Miss Lawrence," he
said bravely, but his lips were white.

"Let my boy alone," I said sternly.
"No one shall suffer to save money for a
wreath." I turned again to the tall,
dark leader, as I saw they obeyed his sig-
nals and released Joe. "I suppose a man
might still be a gentleman even if a thief.
(I saw him flinch as I flung the word at him.)
"If I were a man I would rob
some one the fire had not already robbed.
Follow me and help yourself," I added,
sarcasmfully.

"It's not a job to my liking," he mur-
mured, as he combed his hair.

I moved as quietly and as quietly as I

THE MIKADO'S PALACE.

A Mixture of Japanese and European Magnificence.

There are thirty palaces belonging to
the imperial family in various
parts of the country, but the present
Emperor has never occupied more
than three or four of them, and some
of them he has never seen. There is
a stock farm at Nikko belonging to
the Mikado, and tourists are always
amused at a large, oddly painted
sign which advertises milk from his
cows for sale. The Emperor seldom
leaves the new palaces at Tokyo,
which are more modern and comfort-
able than any of the others and were
only completed in 1888. They consist
of a labyrinth of one-story buildings
all connected by covered
passages and surrounding beautiful
courts. Their architecture is of the
ancient Japanese style, with high
roofs at sharp angles and heavy gray
tiles, and the interior of most of
them is finished in the native fashion,
with partitions of sliding screens and
floor matting, which the inmates use
as beds, chairs and tables, as it happens
to be necessary. But several of the
rooms have French furniture of
ornate and expensive workmanship,
much of it being rosewood hand-
somely carved and inlaid. The
apartments occupied by both the
Emperor and Empress are furnished
in that way. Both prefer to sleep in
a modern bed and sit in a chair before
a table, with knives and forks
and chinaware when they take their
meals, but the Emperor is under-
stood to wear the native dress, except
on occasions of ceremony, and when
the Empress retires to the
privacy of her apartments she
throws off her close-fitting waist and
corsets and puts on the more comfortable
kimono.

I knew it only a moment. I must
find help before those in the library sus-
pected treachery. I opened the outside
door cautiously; there might be accom-
plices outside; what I saw was four men
coming on a run. I tried to call, but my
lips refused to move. At last nature had
her revenge. I could not utter a sound.
There was no need. I was caught in Mr.
Gaskell's arms, and I heard his voice.

"Take God, Eleanor, you are safe." I
did not faint. I knew perfectly well when
the others rushed by me that we were
savaged, but I could only hear a rushing and
roaring as if the fire was in my head, and
power to move or speak I had not.

Presently I was